https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/153630.html?thread=32628510#t32628510

Castiel does not use a swimsuit, nor a beach towel, nor does he care about getting sun-burned. Dean looks at his angel and thinks (affectionately) that he's crazy. At least the other beach-goers think so, what with Castiel standing next to Dean's towel in full suit-and-trenchcoat and why, he's not even sweating.

"At least try to fit in, Cas," Dean says after a moment, but really, he's not expecting results.

Castiel doesn't disappoint. His look garners a grin from Dean and nothing changes there.

They're getting stares, but that could be because of Castiel, or it could be because of Dean's obvious bandaging on his chest. (Monster of the week with a nasty set of talons, see.)

Dean adjusts his sunglasses and pokes Castiel's leg. "At least get us some ice cream."

It takes a moment to point Cas in the right direction and provide the cash, but soon they're sitting together on Dean's towel licking identical vanilla ice cream waffle cones.

All in all? Dean's having a great time at the beach.